



The Comic Rack

MARVEL
COMICS

\$1.50 US
\$2.05 CAN
21
OCT
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

SON OF THE PUNISHER 2099TM



DIRECT EDITION



7 59606 01159 9

HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY A PSYCHOPATH IN AN AGE WHERE JUSTICE CAN BE BOUGHT AND NO ONE BELIEVES IN OLD-FASHIONED PUNISHMENT ANYMORE... NO ONE EXCEPT JAKE GALLOWES... A WEAPONS SPECIALIST IN THE PUBLIC EYE POLICE FORCE BY DAY, AT NIGHT HE IS INCORRUPTIBLE JUSTICE.
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

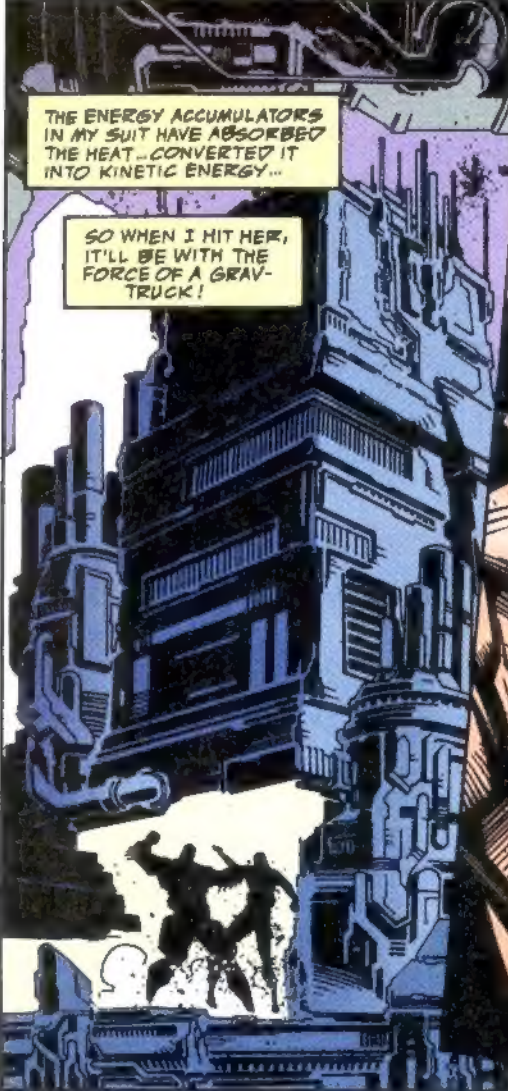
THE PUNISHER 2099

PUNISHER VERSUS PUNISHER!




PAT MILLS * TONY SKINNER SIMON COLEBY KEITH WILLIAMS IAN LAUGHLIN PHIL FELIX MATT MORRA JOEY CAVALIERI TOM DEFALCO
WRITERS PENCILER INKER COLORS LETTERS EDITOR BIGSHOT LONGSHOT

PUNISHER 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 31, October, 1994. (ISSN # 1066-3505) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10015. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.50 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.05 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$18.00 U.S., \$30.00 foreign, and Canadian subscribers must add \$10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127332852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. PUNISHER 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likeness thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PUNISHER 2099, c/o MARVEL, DIRECT MARKETING CORP. SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1879 DANBURY, CT 06813-1879. TELEPHONE # (212) 686-0870. PRINTED IN USA.




THE ENERGY ACCUMULATORS
IN MY SUIT HAVE ABSORBED
THE HEAT... CONVERTED IT
INTO KINETIC ENERGY...

SO WHEN I HIT HER,
IT'LL BE WITH THE
FORCE OF A GRAV-
TRUCK!



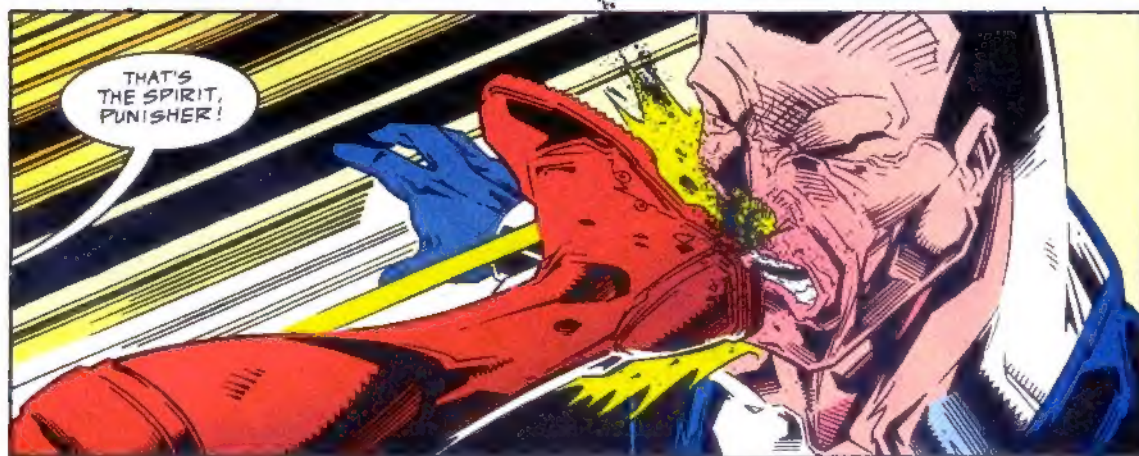
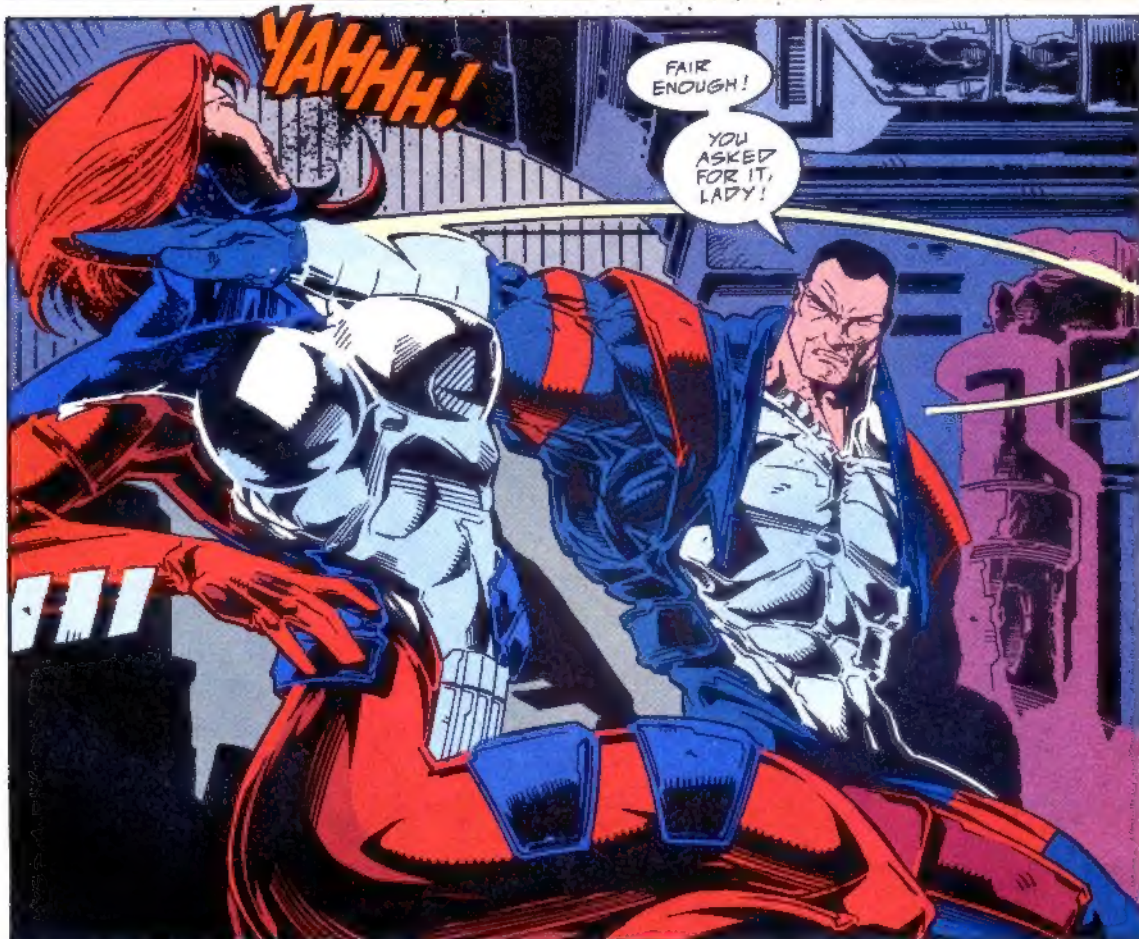
BUT I CAN'T BRING
MYSELF TO HIT A
WOMAN.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT! YOU
COULDN'T BRING
YOURSELF TO HIT
ME BECAUSE OF
MY SEX!



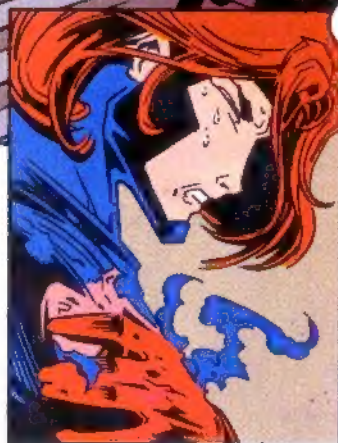
DO YOU
REALIZE HOW
DEMEANING THAT
IS TO ME AS A
HUMAN
BEING?

I'M A
WARRIOR--
I DON'T
GIVE OR
TAKE
FAVORS!











I DIALED THE HOLOPHONE
NUMBER OF MY NEXT
TARGET... FIVE SECONDS
AGO...

I'M RIDING THE
SIGNAL-- BUT IT
SEEMS LIKE HALF
AN HOUR...

TIME DILATES
STRANGELY WHEN
YOU'VE BEEN
DIGITIZED...

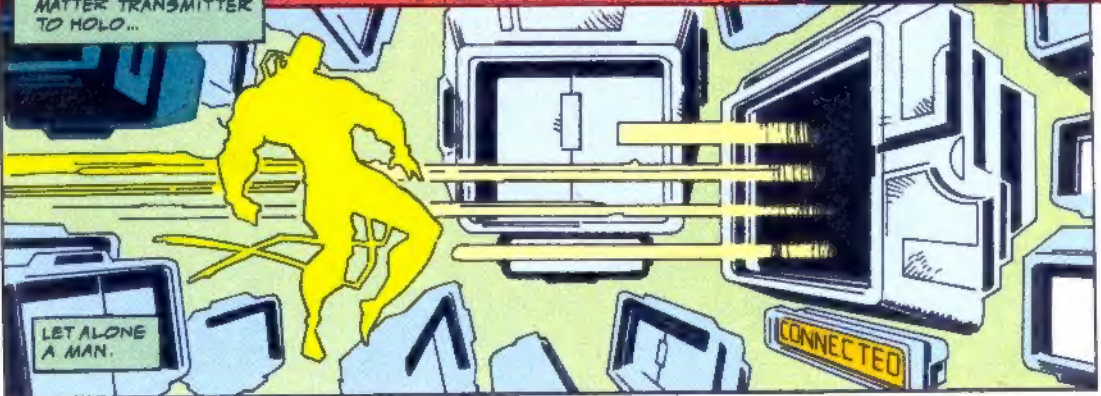


...AND CONVERTED INTO
AN ENERGY FORM
ZINGING DOWN A
MICROSCOPIC STRIP OF
SUPER CONDUCTOR.

I'LL NEVER BE
CAUGHT-- IT'S
OFFICIALLY
IMPOSSIBLE...

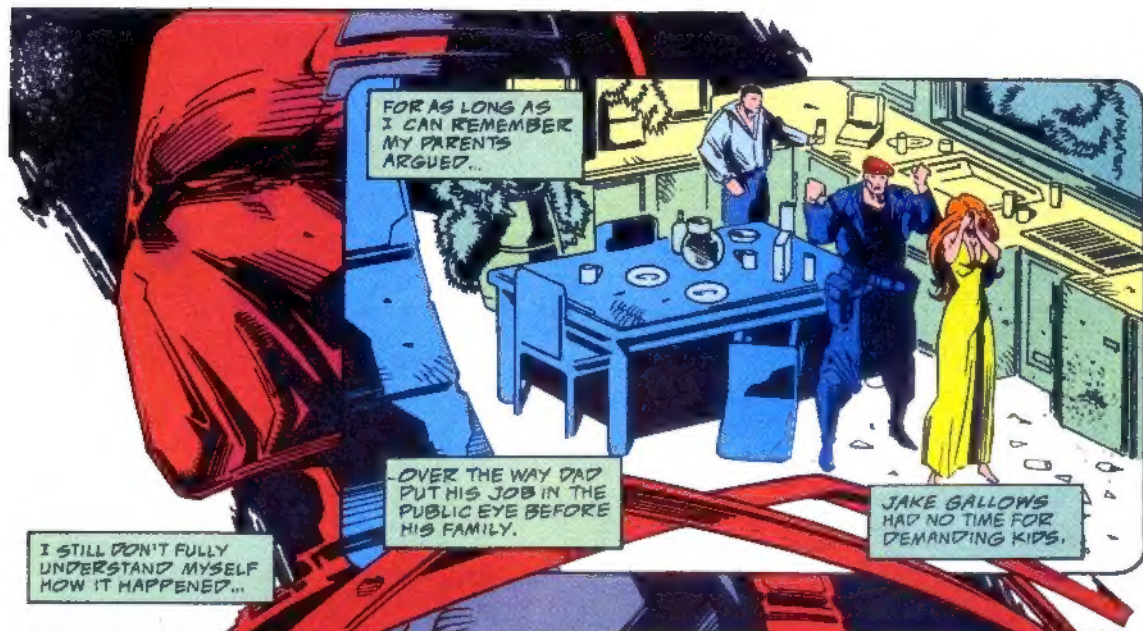


...FOR AN OBJECT TO
CROSS BEAMS FROM
MATTER TRANSMITTER
TO HOLO...



LET ALONE
A MAN.

CONNECTED



FOR AS LONG AS
I CAN REMEMBER
MY PARENTS
ARGUED...

OVER THE WAY DAD
PUT HIS JOB IN THE
PUBLIC EYE BEFORE
HIS FAMILY.

JAKE GALLOWES
HAD NO TIME FOR
DEMANDING KIDS.

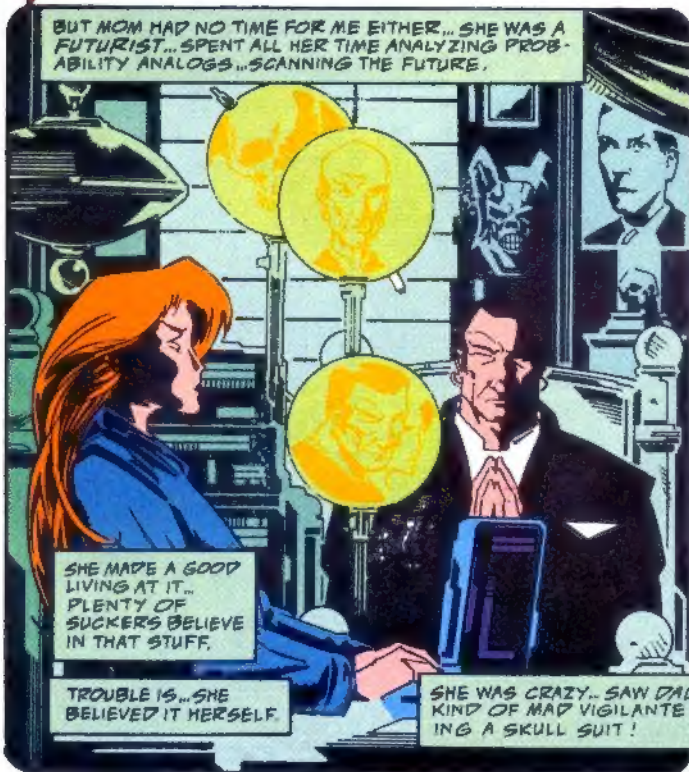
I STILL DON'T FULLY
UNDERSTAND MYSELF
HOW IT HAPPENED...



WHEN THEY SPLIT UP,
I WENT WITH MOM-- ANJI...

I FELT SO
BITTER AND
ANGRY ...

I GUESS I WAS
ACTING OUT HER
FURY AS WELL.



BUT MOM HAD NO TIME FOR ME EITHER... SHE WAS A
FUTURIST... SPENT ALL HER TIME ANALYZING PROB-
ABILITY ANALOGS... SCANNING THE FUTURE.

SHE MADE A GOOD
LIVING AT IT...
PLENTY OF
SUCKERS BELIEVE
IN THAT STUFF.

TROUBLE IS... SHE
BELIEVED IT HERSELF.

SHE WAS CRAZY... SAW DAD AS A
KIND OF MAD VIGILANTE WEAR-
ING A SKULL SUIT!



IT WAS ONE OF
THE REASONS
THEY BROKE UP.

SOON AS I COULD,
I JOINED THE
ALCHEMAX MARINES

VOLUNTEERED FOR THE
RISKIEST ASSIGNMENTS...
AND THE MOST DANGEROUS
OF THEM ALL.

THE TEN
MINUTE
CLUB.

WE WERE
TRANSPORTED
TO THE
WORLD'S
TROUBLE
SPOTS.

BEAMED BY
SATELLITE

THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED US
THE TEN MINUTE CLUB.

THE PROCESS TOOK
SECONDS...BUT IT HAD A
HIGH FAILURE RATE

STATISTICALLY, YOU HAD A
MAXIMUM OF TEN MINUTES
IN THE BEAM BEFORE
BEING SCRAMBLED.

WE WERE OFFICIALLY PEACE-KEEPING OBSERVERS...THERE TO
PROTECT THE LOCALS FROM THE TERRORISTS WHO DIDN'T EXIST
UNTIL WE GOT THERE

ALL 150,000 OF US...
HEAVILY ARMED...

HELPING THEM ESTABLISH AN
INDEPENDENCE THEY THOUGHT
THEY ALREADY HAD.

STRANGE THE WAY IT ALWAYS
HAPPENED AROUND LAND AND
MINES OWNED BY ALCHEMAX.

I WAS UNDER NO
ILLUSION...WE WERE
THIEVES...RACKETEERS..
MUSCLE-MEN FOR
BIG BUSINESS.


LOOKING BACK ON IT, WE
COULD HAVE GIVEN THE
CYBER-NOSTRA A FEW HINTS.
THEY COULD ONLY OPERATE
THEIR RACKET IN NEW
YORK... WE OPERATED ON
FIVE CONTINENTS.

OKAY,
MEN! GO!
GO! GO!


MOP 'EM UP--
AND HOME IN TIME
FOR COFFEE!

A vertical panel showing several soldiers in a beam of light. The soldiers are in various poses, some running, some standing. The background is a bright, yellowish-white light with vertical lines.


WE WERE ON OUR
WAY BACK TO
THE BARRACKS...
BEAMED HOME...

A panel showing soldiers in a beam of light. The soldiers are in various poses, some running, some standing. The background is a bright, yellowish-white light with vertical lines.

SIX HUNDRED MEN DEAD IN
A FIFTH OF A SECOND.

A panel showing soldiers in a beam of light. The soldiers are in various poses, some running, some standing. The background is a bright, yellowish-white light with vertical lines.

AND ME AND CHUCK
WERE "CROSS-WIRED"
...MIS-CHANNELED IN-
TO A HOLOPHONE
BEAM...

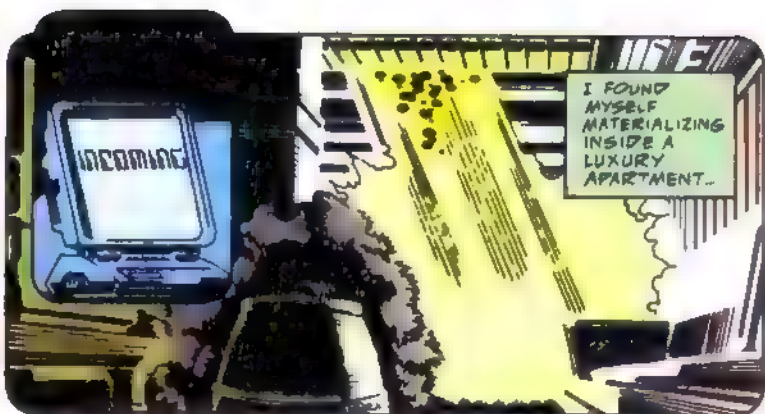
A panel showing soldiers in a beam of light. The soldiers are in various poses, some running, some standing. The background is a bright, yellowish-white light with vertical lines.

WHEN SUDDENLY A
SUN FLARE HIT THE
BEAM... AS WE WERE
BEING DEFLECTED
BACK TO EARTH...

MY STATISTICAL TEN
MINUTE LIFE ENDED
FOUR MINUTES EARLY



IT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, THOSE THREE SECONDS I HEADED DOWN THE HOLOPHONE BEAM...

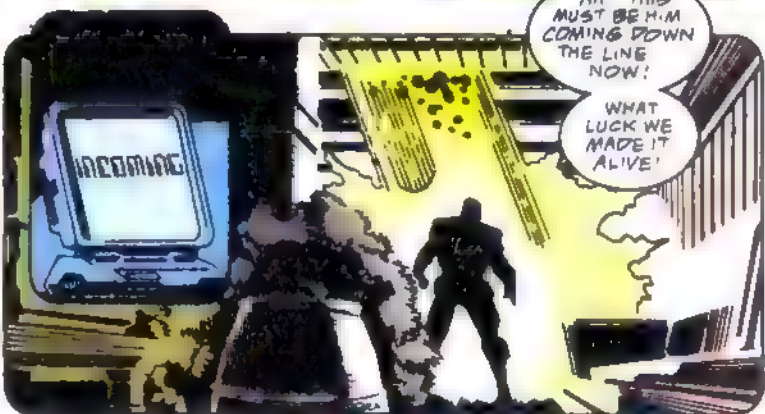


I FOUND MYSELF MATERIALIZING INSIDE A LUXURY APARTMENT...



WE'VE SOMEHOW INTERFACED WITH SOMEONE'S PRIVATE HOLOPHONE LINE..!

CHUCK... DID HE MAKE IT TOO?!



AH! THIS MUST BE H.M. COMING DOWN THE LINE NOW!

WHAT LUCK WE MADE IT ALIVE!

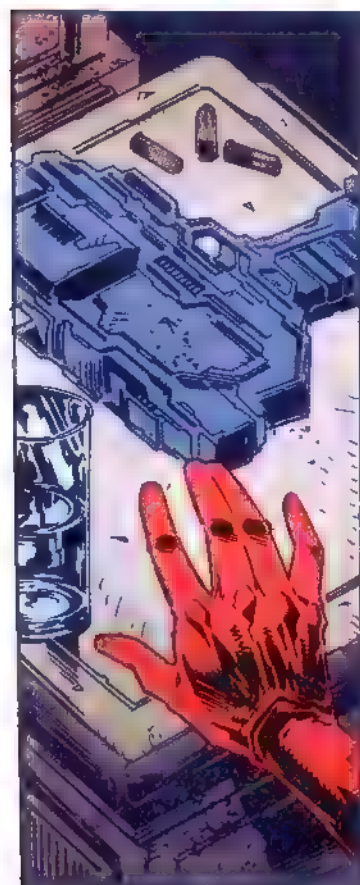
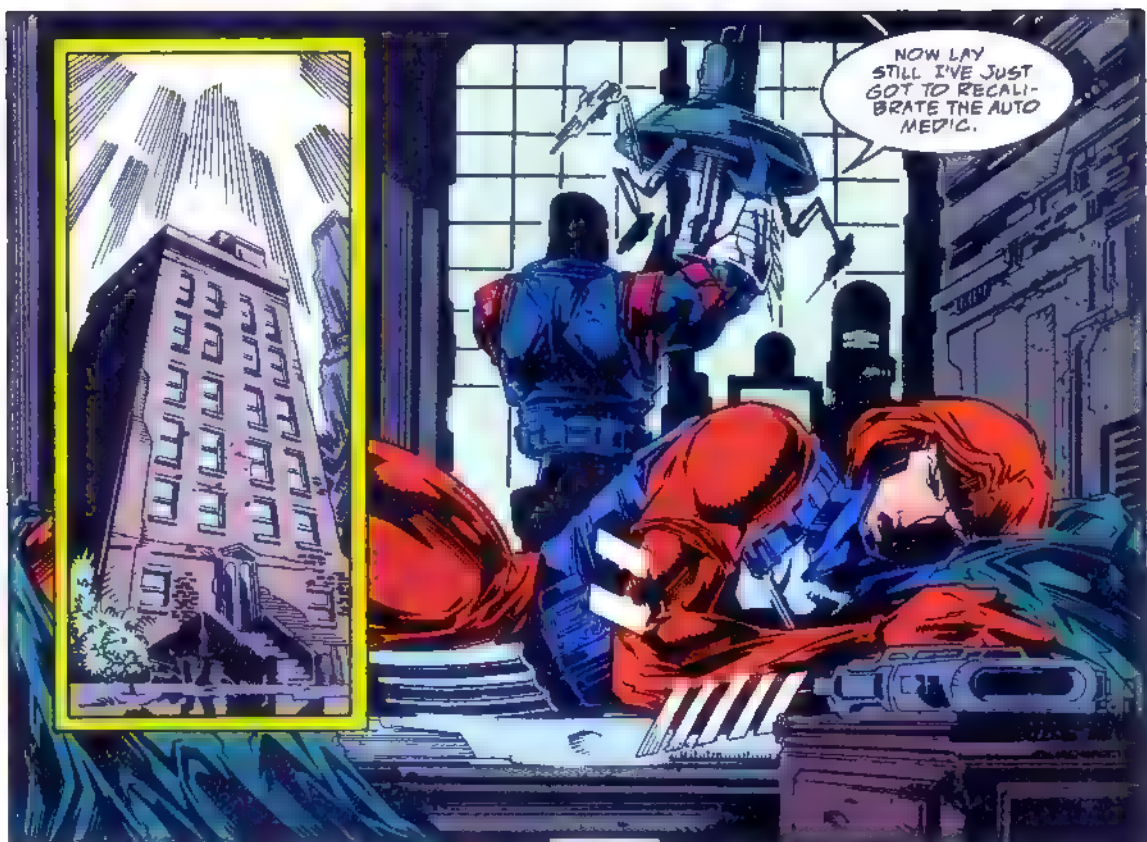


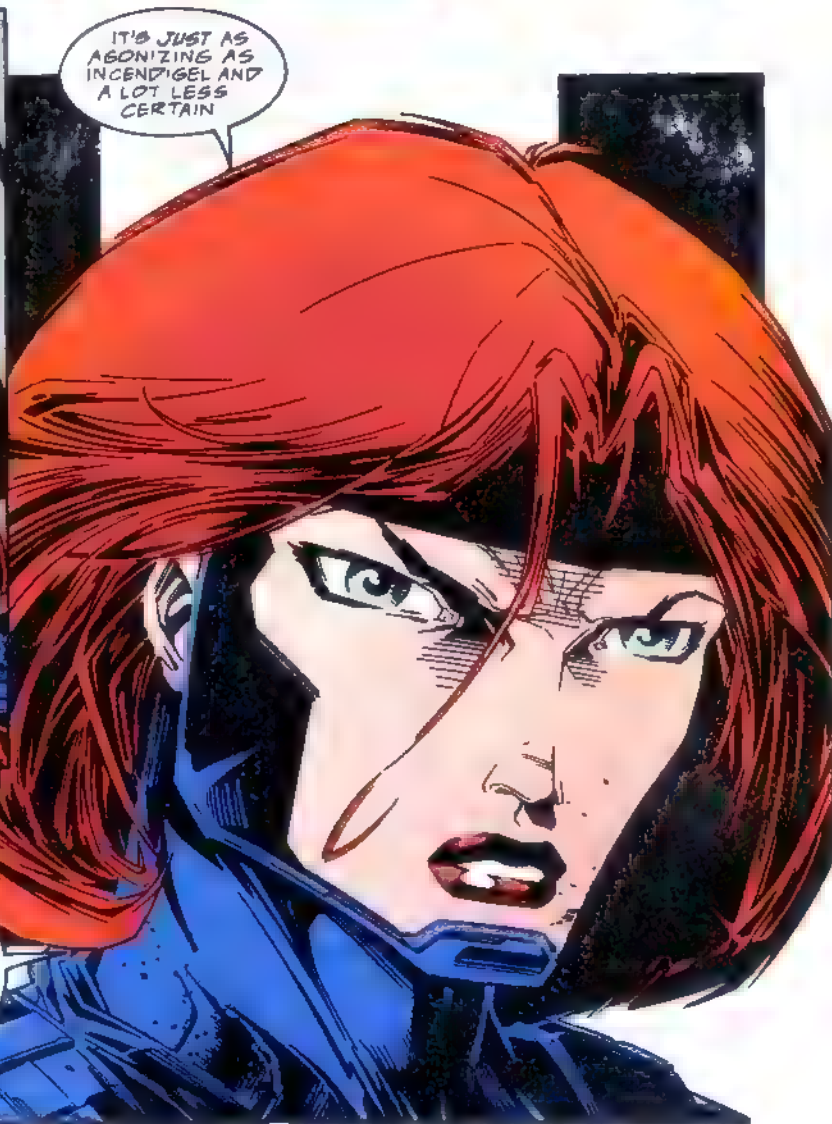
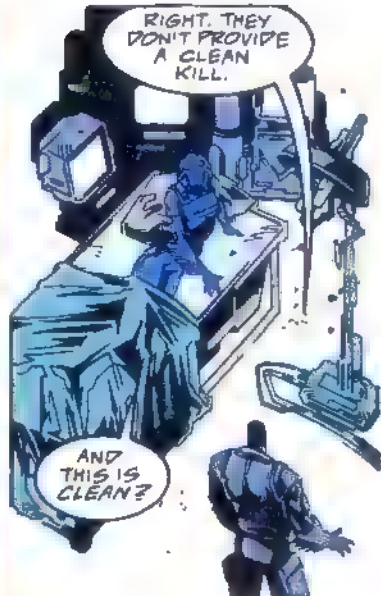
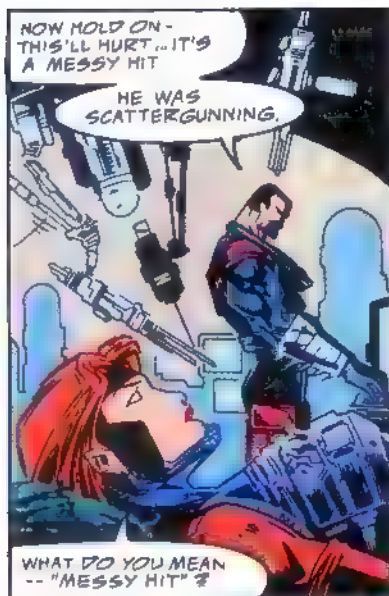
CHUCK!

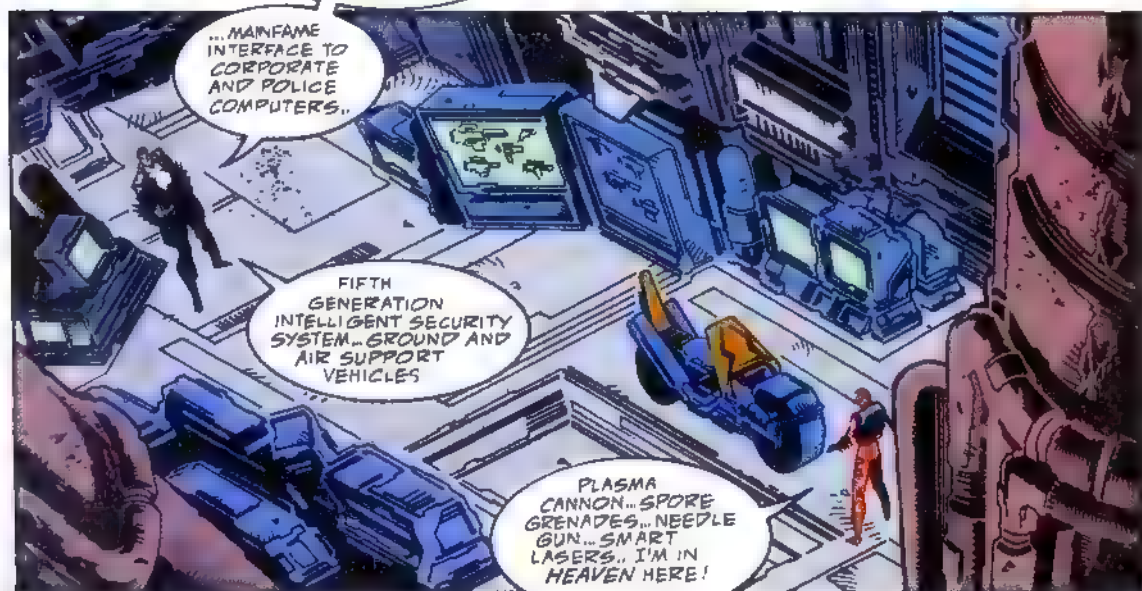
MMWWWWHHR!

HE WAS HORRIBLY MUTILATED BY THE CROSS-BEAM...

WE ONLY LEARNED LATER THAT I'D BEEN EVEN MORE AFFECTED...







GOOD... IT'S ALL YOURS
IF YOU CAN DO MY
JOB.

I THINK
I'VE ALREADY
DEMONSTRATED
THAT

NOT
QUITE...

JUST A FEW DETAILS...
FEED THE PRISONERS...
OPERATE THE DEATH
CHAIR...

PRISONERS...? DEATH
CHAIR...? WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT...?

SURELY YOU
DON'T THINK BEING THE
PUN SHER IS JUST RID-
ING AROUND SHOOTING
UP THE BAD GUYS...?

WOHHH!
BABE!

HEY,
MONEY...
STEP INSIDE...
LET ME SHOW
YOU WHAT I'M
DOING TIME
FOR!

PUNISH-
MENT IS A
SERIOUS
BUSINESS

THIS PLACE
DIDN'T ALWAYS LOOK
LIKE THIS. IT USED TO BE
MODERN AND HYGIENIC--
BUT SINCE MY PARTNER,
MATT AXEL, LEFT I'VE
MADE IT MORE TO
MY TASTE...

YOU'VE
GOT A PRISON
DOWN HERE?
LIKE ONE
OF THOSE
PRIMITIVE
INSTITUTIONS?!



IT AIN'T ALL BAD... I'M LETTING "NODDING DODS" NEELSON GO...

...IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY... HE'S TWENTY-ONE TODAY

HEY! THAT'S RIGHT... IT'S MY BIRTHDAY I FORGOT



YOU'RE RELEASING HIM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY.

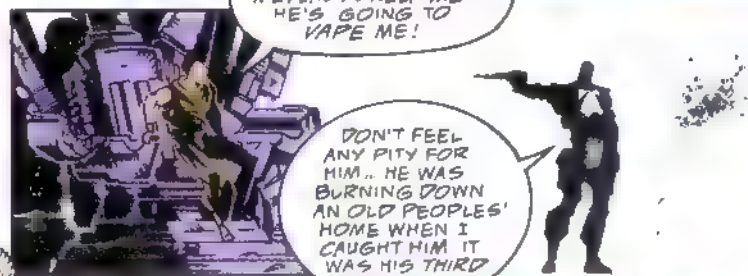


I CAN'T EXECUTE A YOUTH. THAT'S WHY I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL HE WAS TWENTY-ONE

THIS IS JUST ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE JOB I'M SURE YOU CAN HANDLE.

WH. WHAT IS THAT THING? IT LOOKS LIKE A..

IT'S A MOLECULAR DISINTEGRATOR... HELP ME, LADY! HELP ME! HE'S GOING TO VAPE ME!



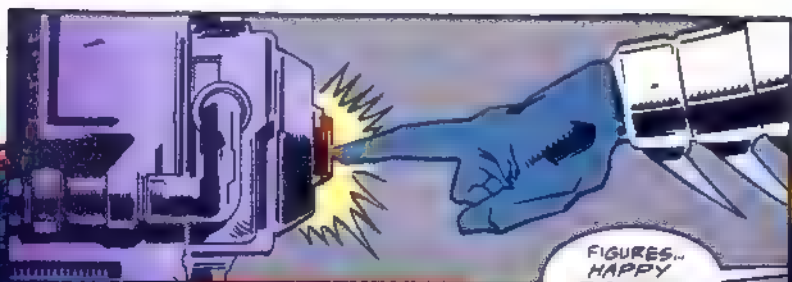
DON'T FEEL ANY PITY FOR HIM... HE WAS BURNING DOWN AN OLD PEOPLES' HOME WHEN I CAUGHT HIM IT WAS HIS THIRD ONE



PLEASE, LADY... DON'T DO IT... I PROMISE I'LL CHANGE...

ALL YOURS, VENDETTA PUT THIS SCUM OUT OF MY MISERY

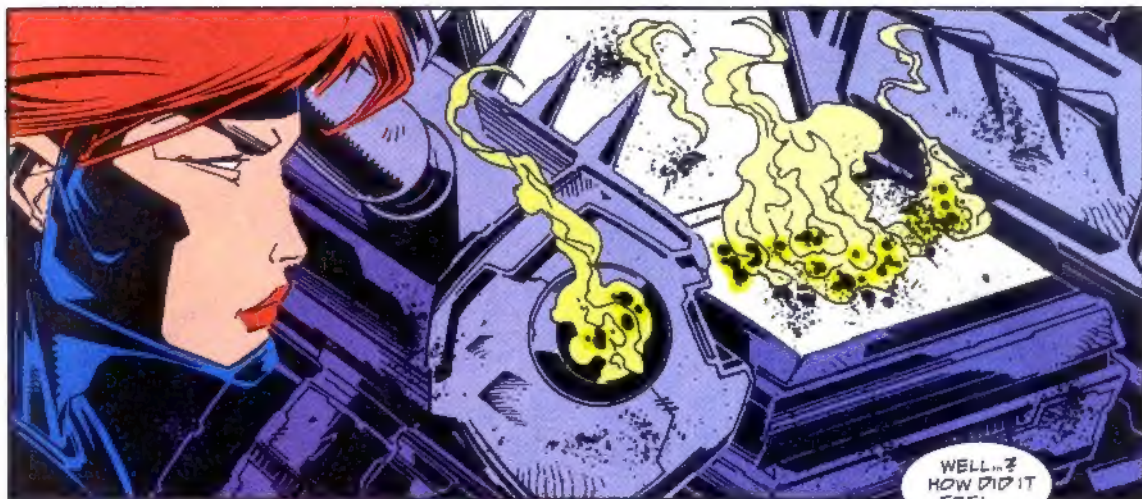
I... I CAN'T JUST...



FIGURES...
HAPPY
BIRTHDAY,
SON!

ZZZZAAACKKKK!





WELL...Z
HOW DID IT
FEEL...



BOSS?

WAIT
A MINUTE...
I'VE GOT TO
THINK ABOUT
THIS... I
MEAN...

THERE'S A LOT OF CRIMINALS
OFF WORLD THAT NEED PUNISH-
ING... LOT OF GENE DOLLS NEED
LIBERATING... THE UNIVERSE IS
A BIG PLACE...



SURE...

WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS
I THOUGHT I WAS MEAN...
BUT YOU'RE A COMPLETE
PSYCHO...

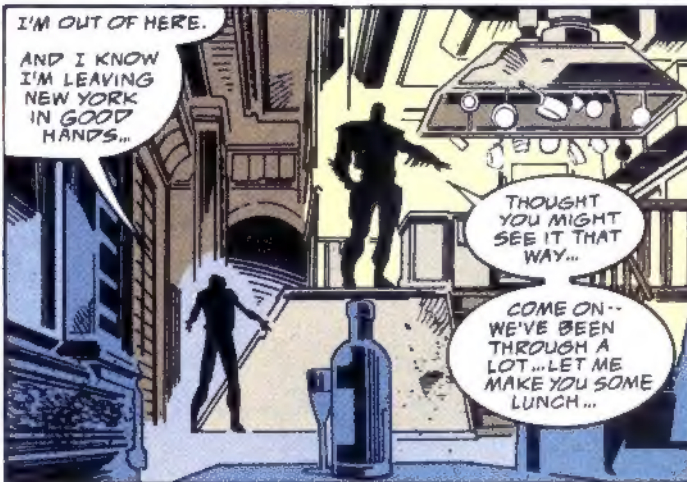
OKAY, PUNISHER...
YOU WIN.



YEP.

I'M OUT OF HERE.

AND I KNOW
I'M LEAVING
NEW YORK
IN GOOD
HANDS...



THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT
SEE IT THAT
WAY...

COME ON--
WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH A
LOT... LET ME
MAKE YOU SOME
LUNCH...



I REALIZED THEN
THE HYPOCRISY OF
IT ALL... NO ONE AT
ALCHEMAX WAS
GOING TO CARE
ABOUT A COUPLE
OF INJURED VETS...

WE WERE THE
SEWERS OF
HUMANITY... A
CONVENIENT
NECESSITY
THAT NO ONE
WANTS TO
TALK ABOUT.

STOP! YOU!
HUHHHH...?

I-I CAN
FIRE ENERGY
BEAMS!



I'D STOLEN FOR
ALCHEMAX ALL
OVER THE GLOBE...

IT WAS TIME TO
START STEALING
FOR MYSELF...
IT FELT
CLEANER.

IF I CAN CONTROL
MY MOLECULAR DEN-
SITY... IT SHOULD BE
POSSIBLE TO ENTER
THIS SAFE... AND-- IF
I'M LUCKY-- AFFECT
THE CONTENTS
LONG ENOUGH
TO--

YES!

DEAN!
YOU'RE
STEALING!

I
WONDER...

YES!
I'M GOING
TO GET YOU
THE BEST HELP
MONEY CAN
BUY, CHUCK...
HIS MONEY.

